STORIES FROM NORMAN SCARS

DAVIS GRAVE, PEACE RIVER, ALTA., CANADA

Soars, M

AS TOLD TO ME BY OLD BILL'S GRANDMOTHER,
A FULL BLOOD BLACKFOOT SQUAW.

Blackfeet + The Crees.

Scene: The Peace Hills are two buttes near the present site of the Town of Wetaskiwin, Alberta.

The Peace Hills were so called by the Indians because there the two most powerful and warlike tribes of the plains concluded a peace treaty that has never been broken. Blackfoot & Cree

On a bright September afternoon two Blackfoot braves in search of adventure, recklessly ~~crossed~~ Cross the recognized boundary of their respective territories - the Battle River. They see some one frantically waving to them from a nearby hill. Curiosity overcoming prudence, they ride forward. Suddenly from the long grass on all sides rises a host of painted savages and the peaceful air is filled with the Cree war-whoop. They are surrounded. There is only one means of escape - break through the cordon of their foes. Lashing their horses they make the attempt.

One succeeds, the other goes down. The fortunate one, riding a safe distance from their arrows, pulls up his horse to see what the next move will be. First a hand in thrown in the air followed by its mate; then an arm followed by another, next the feet and legs, but in his agony the victim utters no sound. He will show those Cree dogs how a Blackfoot warrior can die. His companion turns his horse and rides slowly to the south to wait for the day of vengeance.